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## The Literary Zoo

### Editors Who Write

IF THE young writer, hurrying to get his morning's mail, should see a real editor likewise hurrying, he would probably imagine that the tyrant was on his way to reject a few manuscripts, by way of digesting his breakfast. But the chances would be that the editor also was anxious to learn what rejections or acceptances were in his mail. All the editors who do not write hope to, "when they can get away from this beastly grind." There are few writers who have given up their craft for editing, but many editors who have resigned to become human-nature fakers. Perriton Maxwell recently left the *Cosmopolitan* to devote himself to writing. Johnson Morton, the short-story writer, was on the *Youth's Companion* for years. John Kendrick Bangs has edited and helped to edit half a dozen magazines.

Richard Watson Gilder, Bliss Perry, Howells, are well known as having followed the examples of Lowell and Aldrich. But there are dozens of less-known editors who do the same combination stunt. George Horace Lorimer, of the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant," is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. His assistant, Reginald Wright Kauffman, gleefully turns out every sort of copy—detective novels, short stories, verse and translations.

Theodore Dreiser, whose realistic novel, "Sister Carrie," has made a furore, has just left the managing editorship of the *Broadway* to become the editor of the *Delineator*. Mr. Dreiser is a man of surprises. He surprised every one by getting "Sister Carrie" reissued after the publishing house which first issued it declined to push it—in fact, temporarily killed it—because one member of the firm decided that the book was immoral, strong though it was. Mr. Dreiser's rather attenuated verse surprises one who knows the vitality of his novel. He once had a quatrain in the *Broadway* which was simply a setting for one word in the last line, "alkahest." His removal to the *Delineator* is also surprising, for "Sister Carrie" is not the sort of lady who is readily associated with household recipes and a children's page. Finally, his appearance is surprising. He looks more like a wholesale hardware merchant than a properly hollow-cheeked realist. Mr. Dreiser wears waistcoats, real vests, and they are well-filled!

Another novelist is Rupert Hughes, of *Appleton's*, author of "Zal" and the "Whirlwind." Viola Rosboro'—spell it with an apostrophe, be sure—has written both novels and short stories. Edward Clark Marsh, once the editor of *Smart Set* and the founder of *Tales*, is a short-story

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writer, like the present managing editor of the latter magazine, Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, who, being Hohenzollern in appearance and German in name, has naturally turned to Irish stories. Elizabeth Jordan, of *Harper's Bazar*, wrote "Tales of the Cloister." Matthew White, of the *Argosy*, is a writer of boys' stories, like Albert Lee, of *Collier's*. Another *Collier's* editor is Charles Belmont Davis, brother to Richard Harding, and a clever short storyteller. Karl Edwin Harriman, editor of the *Red Book* and its satellite the *Blue Book*, could almost write enough short stories to fill his magazines. He was once a London correspondent for several newspapers; one of those awe-inspiring people who can speak of "my friend, the Duke of Diddlesex."

Among the magazine essayists are Hamilton Holt, of the *Independent*; H. M. Alden, of *Harper's*, and Lyman Abbott and Hamilton Mabie, of the *Outlook*. Magazine poetry seems to grow naturally within reach of the make-up man. Witness Wytter Bynner, once assistant editor of *McClure's* and now with Henry Holt and Company. Richard Duffy, once the editor of *Tom Watson's Magazine* and now with *Munsey's*, is said to write three poems for every one he rejects—and he rejects all that are floating around the country, sooner or later. Ellis Parker Butler, whose dictum that "pigs is pigs" goes ringing down the ages, was the editor of a trade paper before he took to writing exclusively.

Harry Thurston Peck is not satisfied with teaching and editing alone. Aside from editing the *Scrap Book*, for which he left a staff position on the *Bookman*, teaching Latin at Columbia, sustaining the attacks of Elbert Hubbard and writing scholarly essays, Professor Peck has turned out so many verses and short stories, under a catalogue of pen-names, that no one knows just how much he has written.

Every one on the *American Magazine* writes. From Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens to the girl at the telephone switchboard, each of the bunch is a genius. It is almost as much a hotbed of creative work as the testimonial department of a patent medicine company. *Sinclair Lewis.*

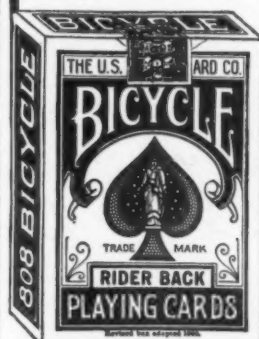


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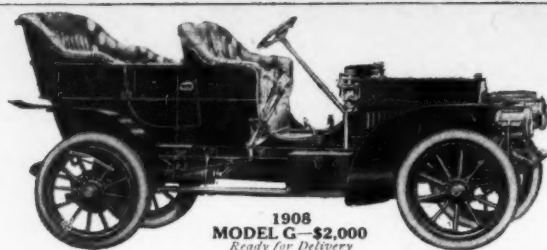
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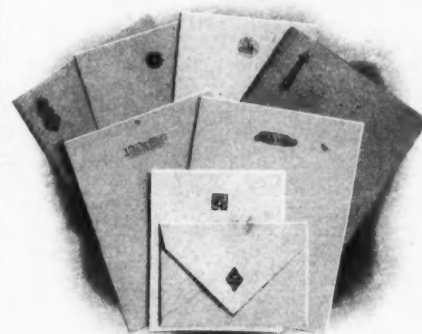
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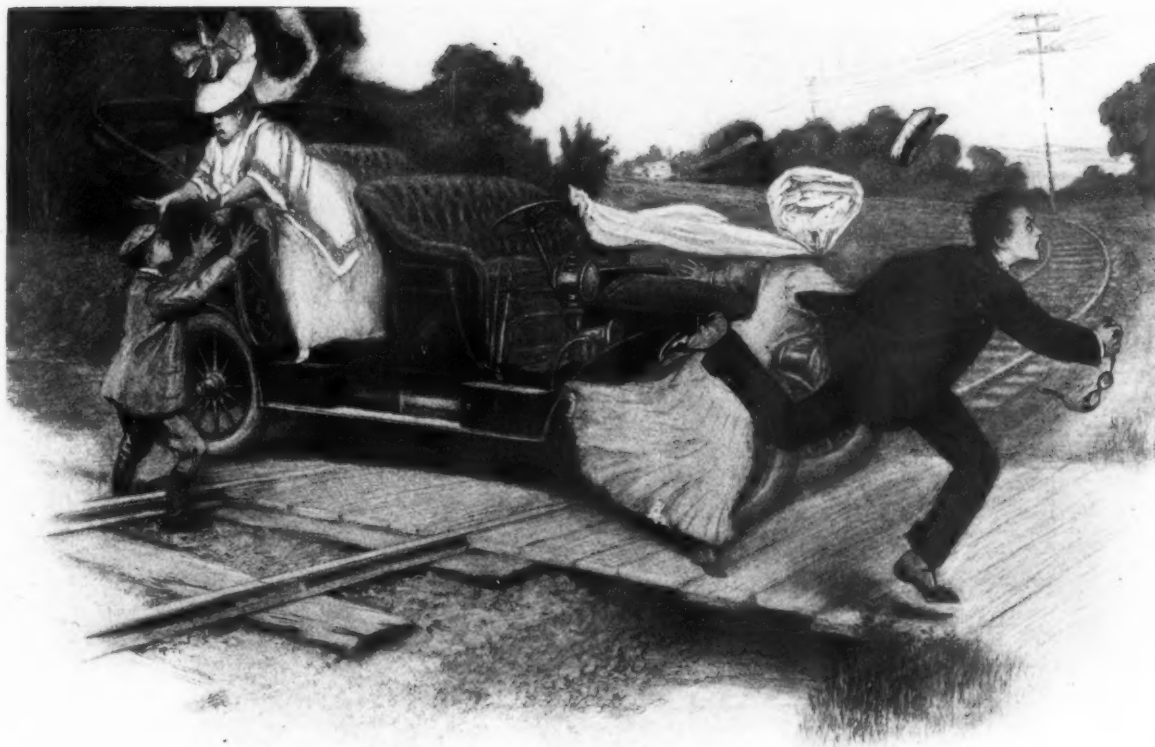
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# LIFE



FORTY-MULE POWER

## News About a School

IT HAS been noted in the papers with considerable profusion of comment that the celebrated Groton School has determined to amend its method of acquiring pupils, and departing from its first-come-first-served method of accepting boys according to priority of registration, will hereafter be governed in part by the results of competitive examinations. About half of the vacancies each year, it seems, are presently to be thrown open to competition. This innovation is welcomed by the neighbors as the sign of a rising democratic spirit, but the truth is the old method was more democratic, if anything, than the new one will be, for competitive examinations for admission will make for the setting up of an intellectual aristocracy, whereas the old way of taking the boys as they stood on

the register avoided selection altogether. Groton School has had more free advertising, and has been more misrepresented and has had more fabricated stories told about it than any school that has ever existed in this country. The advertising has not helped it because it has never happened to need it. The misrepresentation has been a trial, perhaps, but hardly an injury. The experts—the schoolmasters and college authorities of the country—know what manner of school it is, and they are not the ones who disparage it. Its founder, in important respects, is the most remarkable American schoolmaster of his generation, and has not only made a good school, but one that has been a help and an inspiration in scores of other schools besides his own. It is he that is at the bottom of Groton School's renown, and not this or that method of acquiring pupils.

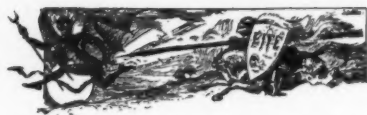
## The Order of Creation

WHEN man was in the making, saith the Persian legend, it was agreed between Ormuzd and Ahriman, the spirits of good and evil respectively, that when it came to giving him his instincts, they two should suggest, alternately, what instinct should go in next. Ahriman won the toss and had the first choice.

"Give him the gregarious instinct," quoth he, with a diabolical sneer. That made things look pretty black for mankind, but Ormuzd was not asleep.

"Give him the sense of humor!" he cried, with a justifiably triumphant smile. But unhappily, the workmen, in making the adjustments, did not clinch the sense of humor quite perfectly, to the end that there is considerable sin and misery in the world after all.


Ramsey Benson.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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WRITING in the New York *Evening Post* about the Education of the Neglected Rich, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, takes a considerably more gloomy view of this subject than the facts of current history seem to compel. Disclosing how nearly fatal it is to the rich child's prospects not to go to the public schools, and how in such preliminary schools as he can go to, for one reason or another, "a systematic and judicious training of mind and character is quite impossible," he goes on to tell how "things go from bad to worse when such a boy passes to a boarding-school of a well-known type where only children of the rich can or will go."

We do not know of any boarding-schools of a well-known type in this country where only children of the rich go. Dr. Butler, occupying the place he does, ought to know whereof he speaks. Can it be that the schools he has in mind are such as St. Paul's (Concord), St. Mark's (Southboro), The Hill School (Pottstown), Groton School, and a dozen others of the same species? To say that only children of the rich go to these schools would be an absurd misstatement; much more absurd than is generally appreciated, for it is rather commonly asserted and supposed that such schools as these are schools for the sons of the rich. We never have seen statistics of the pecuniary abilities of the parents of the boys who go to such boarding-schools as these, but it would surprise us considerably if less than seventy per cent. of the boys who are pupils at present at the four schools named, and at a dozen other schools of the same class that might be named, did not have it in prospect as a matter of necessity to make their own livings.

In the boarding-schools indicated there is a much greater variety of boys, estimated by the size of the parental fortune, than is commonly understood. A good many pretty struggling people, widows especially, send their boys to such schools because they think them good schools and because the one extravagance they permit themselves is extravagance in education.

Yet if Dr. Butler does not mean these schools, what schools does he mean? Where are his "boarding-schools of a well-known type where only children of the rich can or will go?" Can it be that Dr. Butler does not know very much about American boarding-schools and the boys who go to them? It is possible, the more so because nowadays such schools probably do not send any considerable number of boys to Columbia College.



WITH the opening of the colleges come further exposition and discussion of President Woodrow Wilson's plan for splitting Princeton University up into quads, wherein birds not of a feather shall flock together to the improvement of Princeton's family life. In nearly all the big Eastern universities there is a yearning, such as has taken shape in Dr. Wilson's scheme, to bring about a more democratic fraternization of the students, and to correct their natural propensity to group according (more or less) to the size of their allowances and the way they were brought up. The least impracticable way to accomplish this Utopian end has been thought to be this way which Dr. Wilson is bent on trying.

In the current number of the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* Prof. Beale advocates an analogous plan for Harvard. But Harvard would rather watch Princeton split herself up than make any such experiment herself. Indeed, all the colleges will watch with lively interest anything that may be done at Princeton to realize Dr. Wilson's plan. But it seems very speculative still whether anything will be done. To carry out the scheme would cost about two million dollars. Dr. Wilson thinks he can find some one who will give the money, but, even so, it

is still to be seen whether he can get the backing of the great body of the Princeton alumni for the plan. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, an influential graduate and an exceedingly popular member of Dr. Wilson's faculty, thinks the new plan un-American, and dangerous, and argues vigorously against it.



CONSIDERING how much thought and time have been spent on education since work on it began, it is remarkable that it does not pull more definitely out of the experimental stage. Here is President Butler telling what bad work some of the private schools make of their business and praising the public schools. It would be easy to get authority quite as high as his for the assertion that, taken by and large, the private schools lead the public schools in the quality of their teaching and in the shaping of character. They ought to, for they have important advantages and can afford to employ more teachers at higher pay in proportion to the number of scholars. And here is President Wilson laying momentous plans to supplement the very ambitious innovations he already has in operation and correct the educational defects that one hundred and fifty years of experience had not yet eradicated from Princeton. Along, too, comes Mr. John Corbin with a piece in the *Saturday Evening Post* which leaves the perplexed reader a little doubtful whether it is worth any citizen's money to maintain a youth at Harvard. If there is one thing about which, more than another, the doctors disagree, it would seem to be education.

Yet somehow or other the work blunders along, and when it is not going backward it is going forward. One way or the other it moves continually in this lively country, and not without results; for Mr. Augustine Birrell, a wise and cultivated Englishman, was lately quoted as observing politely that America is full of educated people. Nobody knows absolutely how education ought to be administered and in what doses except Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and he, though he is always willing to tell, does not always tell the same story.



THE QUIET LIFE  
ANYWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF BLASTING



# The Boy President

Or Rollo in the White House

VI.

## The Flag-Ship.

MR. GEORGE retired to the seclusion which the cabin of a flag-ship grants as soon as he could after getting on board, and Rollo made his excuses to the Admiral. "The Secretary of State is unused to salutes," said Rollo. "As he is also Secretary of the Treasury, he does get a dose of banging wherever he goes."

"It is so easy to salute nowadays with our rapid-fire guns," said the Admiral, "that I often wish that they would double the number of salutes for all high officials."

"It does make one feel merry," continued Rollo, "to hear the report of guns. It reminds me of the two greatest joys of life, the Chase and War. Did you ever kill a Rocky Mountain lion, Admiral?"

"No; I haven't," said the Admiral.

"Very well," said Rollo, "order the fleet under way and in the course of our trip I shall have time to tell you all about shooting Rocky Mountain lions."

"Very well," said the Admiral, "but if the fleet is to go under way it must have a destination."

"It is to sail under sealed orders," said Rollo. "It has always appealed to me, the idea of sailing under sealed orders."

The Admiral gave the necessary command, and very soon many flags of all colors were hoisted on the flag-ship. Each flag denoted a letter and each combination of letters had its meaning in a code-book. At once all the other ships hoisted answering pennants, and pretty soon the whole fleet was following the flag-ship out of the bay, down the Sound. Rollo, the Admiral and the Captain stood upon the bridge and the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

"You may open these orders off Sandy Hook," said Rollo, as he handed a sealed envelope to the Admiral. It was blowing half a gale from the southeast and the flag-ship rolled heavily.

"Your sea legs are remarkably good," said the Admiral to Rollo.

"Ah, but look at the Secretary of State," said Rollo, pointing to Mr. George, who had just then appeared upon the deck.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. George, as he tottered across the deck, grasping nervously at every projection which offered him a support.

"It means that we are sailing under sealed orders," said Rollo.

"Where are we sailing to?" asked the Secretary of State.

"You will know when the seal is broken," said the President.

"But I do not wish to go on a long voyage," said Mr. George. "I have very important business to attend to at home, not to mention that I am feeling far from well this morning, and, besides, I am not prepared to undertake a journey."

"Oh, we can find all the clothes and toilet articles we will need on board this ship," said Rollo, "and we can com-



"You may open these orders off Sandy Hook"

municate with the shore by wireless telegraphy any little last message which you desire to leave."

"But," interposed Mr. George, "there is a precedent against the Chief Magistrate of the United States leaving the territory of his country during the term of office."

"I do not intend to be a prisoner even in a Vatican as large as the United States," said Rollo, "and, besides, you, as Secretary of State, should know that this ship is American territory. Be sure to open your orders as soon as you get to Sandy Hook, Admiral."

And so the fleet sailed on until it got to Sandy Hook, when the Admiral broke the seal and read the following order:

"To the Panama Canal zone by way of Santo Domingo, fetching up at Porto Rico."

"You hear the orders, Uncle George," said the President. "I am going to drop you at Santo Domingo so that you can inspect our officials who are collecting customs for foreign creditors on that island. It is a good idea to guard the guards. Leaving you there, I shall dash on to Colon to inspect the Panama Canal. I shall have a busy cruise. After I have inspected the Canal, I shall sail to Santo Domingo for you and we shall proceed to Porto Rico together. Meanwhile, Admiral, signal all of the fleet but two battleships to return to New York. Then, ho! for the Spanish Main."

The Admiral turned to give the necessary orders to the fleet, and the Captain and Rollo descended to the deck to join Mr. George, whom they found in great misery.

It is well known that the roughness of the waves and the uneasy motion of the ship often make travelers feel very



"I shall never feel well again"

uncomfortable, and for want of a better word this is called "seasickness." People of the strongest constitutions are subject to this ailment quite as much as those of more feeble frame.

"It is very inconsiderate of you, Rollo," said Mr. George, "to take me off on such a voyage as this without consulting me beforehand. I do not think that it is at all necessary that I should be at Santo Domingo; there are much more important matters which demand my attention in Washington, and there is this, too, about it, if I ever get on firm land again I shall never wish to go back upon board of a ship." He paused for an eloquent moment. "Taking me to Santo Domingo, then, dooms me to a perpetual expatriation, a sad exile on an ill-governed and ill-conditioned island."

"Perhaps," said the President, "you will feel better than you do now in a little while."

"No, Rollo," said Mr. George, solemnly, "I shall never feel well again. I really do not see why I don't die now."

"But," said Rollo, "I am sure that others have recovered from the same ailment."

"My case is different from the others," said Mr. George, sadly.

"The usual remedy, I believe," said Rollo, "is to suggest a piece of pork"—

Mr. George clapped his hands quickly upon his mouth.

"But I am too considerate of your feelings, Uncle George, to make any such suggestion," said Rollo.

Mr. George looked sternly at his nephew, then he walked unsteadily over the deck and disappeared into a turret, while Rollo joined the Admiral.

"Do you know that I enjoy life at sea," said Rollo to the Admiral.

"You don't have to take the air; it takes you."

"It used to when I was a midshipman," replied the Admiral.

"It is better to be independent of the elements," said Rollo.

"As long as the coal lasts and the machinery is in order," said the Admiral; "and, after all, the poetry left the sea when steam came in. Besides that, what do I know about machinery, and I am an Admiral?"

"I suppose you are wholly incompetent," remarked Rollo.

The Admiral, like all sensible men, did not like to get into an argument, but there is such a thing as a too ready assent to a proposition.

"However, that does not matter much," said Rollo, "since you will be retired very soon, and I have no doubt that you will find the duties of a position on the retired list quite up to your capacities."

John T. Wheelwright.

(To be continued)

#### Instruction in Manners

NO DOUBT everybody officially connected with the Jamestown Exposition is appreciably wiser than he was a year—or even six months—ago. Especially Mr. Barton Myers, an exposition manager, who had the indiscretion to write in a letter certain rash imputations as to the behavior of Admiral Evans, and the misfortune to have them printed in the papers. They came to Admiral Evans's notice, and he wrote to Mr. Myers, once to inquire and once to correct. We had forgotten that Admiral Evans had such an exceptionally fine gift for literary correction. But, after all, an admiral of full maturity and experience is apt to be a pretty good all-around man.

Officers of the Army and Navy are very much exposed to misrepresentation in the public prints and usually find it hard to put themselves right. For what they write in reply to newspaper criticism they are responsible to their department at Washington. Whoever pitches into an army or navy officer in print criticizes a man whose hands are more or less tied. That is poor sport, and any bold scribe who has once tried it will avoid it next time if he remembers soon enough. Admiral Evans, however, is an exception. What with his skill, rank and prestige, he is able to give at least as good as he gets, and no civilian critic who feels that rear admirals are public servitors who ought to do eagerly whatever prominent business men want done, need hesitate on humane grounds to assail Admiral Evans whenever he feels like it.

"THAT'S a splendid phonograph, old man. It reproduces the sound of Roosevelt's voice better than I ever thought possible. What make?"

"We call it The Taft."

## Who Would Make the Worst President—and Why?

No. 18

DEAR LIFE:

Charles E. Hughes would make the worst President because the "policies" of the present incumbent would be subjected to the test of a logical and highly trained intellect, and would likely suffer gradual disintegration.

The subjection of predatory wealth would be largely left to the operation of those natural laws which provide that the trees shall not grow unto the heavens. The inherent selfishness and ambition of Tweedledum would be relied upon as in the past to check similar tendencies in Tweedledee, and to maintain a balance of power in financial as in other matters.

The Executive would be slow of speech and promise and swift of action to correct evils without submitting to the popular cry for spectacular reform.

With these changes would come an abandonment of football and spelling reform, race suicide agitation and controversial conflict with railroad and other magnates, and altogether there would be such a restoration of official dignity and etiquette that the country would no longer be a fit place for reputable anarchists to live in and a monstrous revolution would be the result. A. EDWARDS.

No. 19

### A Delphic Answer

AS I wandered through a Glen(n) on the Fair-banks of the Platt(e) I heard Bliss-ful music as of a Swan-son(g). Raising up my voice I cried aloud: "O-dell! I pray thee Grant that I may find the maker of this Har(ri)mony and learn from her lips the true report of all the men about Hughes (whose) ears the busy bee doth hum and warn my people of that one that in all the Land-is worst." Then spoke the spirit of the dell with Cannon-voiced acclaim: "It is a Longworth-ily observed custom that you may not inquire of what the Sibyl doth not of her own ac-Cor(d)tell-you." "O Shaw," I said, "thou knowest 'tis but right to get at the Root of the matter and learn beyond dispute W(h)at-son is most unfit for the burden that Teddy bears."

Straightway arose the Sibyl from the Wat(t)ers-on my left and in words worthy of the prophet Daniel thus spoke: "Till-

man be Hearst, and all be in their Graves, till the sea Cle(a)ve-land from land, I am forbid to give reply unto your question, but be not Moody, for you shall know its answer B(r)yan' by."

D. HAMILTON WILLCOX.

No. 20

J. P. MORGAN would make the worst President.

J. P. Morgan poses as a great and honorable financier. You will notice that whenever conditions commence to look bad and we need strong leaders at home, Mr. Morgan is off for Europe enjoying himself. At home the market is in a bad condition, and needs all the powerful men to look after it. After the worst is discounted and things look brighter, Mr. Morgan is back posing as a great finan-

cier and leader by relieving people of choice bargains.

If he were President he would become ill and take a vacation whenever conditions looked bad, and let his assistants do the worrying and take the responsibility and blame.

When conditions righted themselves and everything looked brighter, Mr. J. P. Morgan would again be well and at the helm during the improving period so as to pose as the great savior.

JACOB RAPHAEL.

No. 21

ROOT.

Because he would undoubtedly send the Government to Muldoon's Farm for the next four years to recuperate from its abused, run-down condition.

W. K. F.



Crasus: YOUR PILE, JOHN D., MAKES MINE LOOK LIKE THIRTY CENTS





"DON'T GAG MY WIFE, SIR. REMEMBER, SHE'S A WOMAN."  
"YEP. DAT'S DE WERRY TING I'M GAGGIN' HER FER! SEE?"

### Diagnosis



DIAGNOSIS is all that a physician suspects about a patient. When there is a consultation, then each physician diagnoses what he thinks he knows, and the one who is the best guesser wins. The only one who loses is the patient.

The base of all diagnoses is the symptom. With a large and varied assortment of symptoms, almost any kind of a diagnosis can be obtained from an obliging and lucrative patient.

Symptoms are many and diverse.

They can be obtained in almost any locality where there are people and roofs. They hide in dark corners and lurk in throngs. Any one who desires to be diagnosed, therefore, should first go out and collect as many fatal symptoms as possible. After he has bunched them together into an incoherent mass, he may send for a doctor, or if he has money enough, for a physician, or if he is a millionaire, for a specialist. The difference between a doctor and a physician is about \$10,000 a year; between a physician and a specialist, all you have.

When the doctor has arrived, take all

the symptoms you have concealed about your person and show them to him freely and frankly and with no false pride. After he has put them back in their places he will then proceed to make a diagnosis.

Do not disturb him. Oftentimes a diagnosis is spoiled by interference from the patient. Some patients, indeed, while the doctor was in the very act of making the diagnosis, have gone and got well, much to his annoyance.

It is better to let him take the diagnosis quietly home with him. If it is fatal, you may never know the difference. If not, you ought to be ashamed of it, anyway. Any doctor who fails to make a fatal diagnosis when he has every encouragement doesn't deserve to collect his bill.

In case of a consultation, have each doctor put his diagnosis with the others, then shuffle them up and deal them out. Only remember that diamonds are trumps, but that in the long run spades will win.

### The Finishing Touch

THE Puritan fathers were steadfast. Infirmary of purpose they knew not, nor the meaning thereof.

"Since it is appointed us," they remarked with grim determination, "to forge a New England conscience, we'll do the business right. We'll forge a New England conscience that will cause the world to sit up and take notice, *sæcula sæculorum*, world without end."

The difficulty, as it presently developed, lay in making the affair elastic enough, without being too flabby.

"We don't propose to have it puncture the first time it goes up against high finance, or polite society, or municipal politics," quoth they, and they were as good as their word. They went out and stole the Indian's land, and when he showed his spunk, they didn't do a thing to him, and behold, as soon as they had wrought these works, the New England conscience was complete.

MORALITY is often only that which is left over after our desires are satisfied.

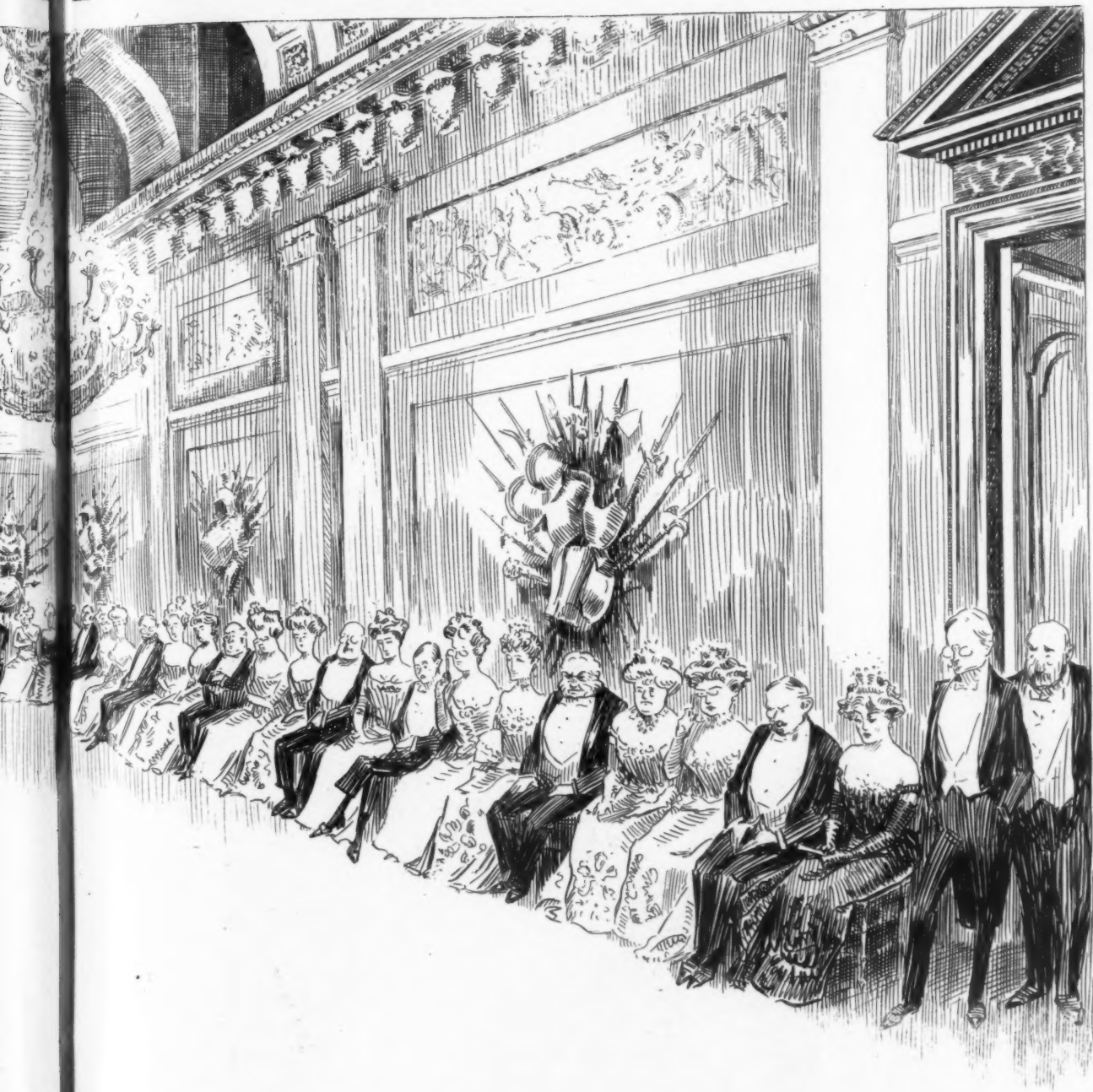


THE "MISSING LINK"

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AN INFORMAL "SOCIALIST" AT THE V...



SOCIALIST THE VANMORGANFELLERS



## Nowadays

**T**O MARKET! To market!  
To buy and sell stocks.  
Home again! Home again!  
Minus my rocks.



## A Creditable Undertaking and "The Old Homestead" Revisited

**U**NDER present theatrical conditions serious effort by an American dramatist is very likely to be kept from securing a hearing. When an American author does secure a public hearing for an effort which has a basis of serious intent and which he has sincerely carried out to the point where it approaches being a real accomplishment, it would seem as though it was only fair to give his work at least a share of the consideration we accord to the questionable works of foreign authors, instead of making it the subject of merely flippant comment.

The presenting of "The Struggle Everlasting," by Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, was a case in point. It may not be the concern of the theatre-goer, who sees the piece in its present form of a prologue and three acts, to know that originally the present play was a sketch done at The Lambs and consisted in its entirety of what is now practically the last act; but this information is enlightening in respect of what the author has done. As a one-act piece this allegory was a literary and dramatic gem. It was too brief, however, to serve the necessities of the commercial stage, and on it and its suggestions the author proceeded to build the present structure. In so doing he was forced to introduce complications which, interesting in themselves and individually well conceived, serve to befog the main idea, cloud its logicity and drag the original poetic theme down to the commonplace.

The author, in the manner of the morality play, has given personalities to abstract ideas. *Mind*, *Body*, *Soul* and *Worldly Wise* are respectively an author, a wanton woman, a priest and a materialist. In reaching the final climax—where the woman dies, a suicide, with a Bible in one hand and a rouge-stick in the other—*Soul* and *Mind* are with her, against the smug protest of *Worldly Wise*, and each of the two points to the final prevalence of his idea. The author has led up to this by depicting the previous phases of her career in the prologue as the dominant

force of nature and in the first two acts as the victim and lure of men. These episodes he has sought to make contemporary and realistic, succeeding theatrically but creating a mixture not a harmony of the real and the ideal. In his attempt at realism he has perhaps been too successful, and even the average theatre-goer would have understood him quite as well, and the more exacting ones would have forgiven him, if he had pitched the colloquialisms of Tenderloin life is a less literal key. They are minor blemishes, but they lower the tone of what is, on the whole, both a novel and a praiseworthy effort to do an unusual and an unusually good thing.

Mr. Royle has provided opportunities for some excellent bits of acting and has gathered an exceptionally well-chosen company. Mr. Arthur Byron, as *Mind*; Mr. De Witt Jennings, as *Soul*, and Mr. R. P. Carter, as *Worldly Wise*, grasped admirably the ideas sought to be conveyed by their respective parts. Florence Roberts, as *Body*, handled the difficult scenes of the second act, where she is at the height of her alluring and ruinous career, with remarkable skill, good, artistic judgment and enough attractiveness. In the other scenes she was sufficient, but not remarkable. There were unusual oppor-

tunities for good bits of acting in the minor parts, and the excellent work done really deserves more credit than can be allotted in a concise review.

Every theatre-goer can find much of interest in "The Struggle Everlasting." Those who think will find in it food for speculation quite as profitable as that devoted to the Ibsen problems. Considering the conditions that surround the theatre in America, Mr. Royle has come as near writing a great play as a native author would dare to.

\* \* \*

**I**N THE way of contrast to "The Struggle Everlasting" nothing stronger could be imagined than that lusty classic of Americanism, "The Old Homestead." Here is a piece which by the very simplicity of its appeal, in both pathos and humor, has enthralled the tears and laughter of not thousands but hundreds of thousands of auditors and spectators. It is frankly a drama for every one who can hear and see. It makes no demand on the intelligence, and yet no one is so highly cultivated that he or she can not find in this simple interpretation of homely American life something to laugh at or be moved by.

Leaving aside "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which appealed largely to a sectional ques-



THE FINAL SCENE IN "THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING"

SOUL  
(Mr. Jennings)

BODY  
(Florence Roberts)

MIND  
(Mr. Byron)

tion and to the tragedy of a race down-trodden within our own borders, there has never been an American play which could vie in popularity with "The Old Homestead." With many of its allusions out of date to the present generation of theatre-goers, it still has a special charm which makes large audiences of the mixed nationalities comprised in American citizenship laugh and cry alternately. It is not



alone the simple directness of Mr. Denman Thompson's impersonation of the innocent but shrewd New England rustic that gives the piece its appeal to a large public. Nor is it any spectacular effect of country or city life. The play is almost crude in many of its attempts to interest and please if it be judged by closely critical standards, and yet as one sits in the large and mixed audiences at the Academy of Music and notes the ripples of laughter that broaden into roars, or the almost perfect silences that follow what seem like episodes of childish pathos, one must admit that the uncredited author or authors of this curious product have built what seems almost the acme of simple dramatic writing. The real hero is a pantaloons, but a pantaloons so honest and so human that we forgive the very grotesqueness we laugh at and let our sympathies go out to his great humanity.

Of course, there can never be so perfect a *Joshua Whitcomb* as Mr. Denman Thompson because, presumably, he projects on the stage only his own personality artistically broadened. Also, the play and his character have been so widely exploited together that a very much better actor would find it diffi-



"SAY, PA, WON'T YOU BUY ME A DRUM?"  
 "NO, I'M AFRAID YOU'D DISTURB ME WITH THE NOISE."  
 "NO I WON'T, PA; I'LL ONLY DRUM WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP."



cult to supplant or succeed him in the part. "The Old Homestead" seems to have been built for Mr. Denman Thompson and Mr. Thompson endowed by nature to portray its principal rôle. Nevertheless, the play itself is built on such broad and simple lines that some time after Mr. Thompson has made his final appearance we may expect to see the play living on to an immortality not achieved by far more scholarly and carefully contrived products of the expert dramatist.

"The Old Homestead" without Mr. Denman Thompson would be a good deal like "Hamlet" sans *Hamlet*, but when both Mr. Thompson and the type of New Englander he represents have disappeared from the map of North America we or our descendants may see many revivals of that very elementary play, "The Old Homestead."

CANADIAN statesmen are just now asserting that Canada has arrived and that she has justified, or is justifying, her claim to a place among the nations. This seems to be true when Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have recognized Canada's claim

to recognition by decreeing that Toronto's newest and best theatre must be devoted exclusively to their vaudeville attractions and that legitimate plays and acting shall have no place or booking on its boards. Art of the Klaw and Erlanger kind knows no national boundaries and King Edward VII might as well abdicate so far as Canada is concerned; in fact, all of us might as well abdicate in favor of this enterprising and cultured firm.

Metcalfe.



**Academy of Music**—Mr. Denman Thompson in his famous creation of *Uncle Josh* in the "gosh darn" classic, "The Old Homestead."

**Astor**—"The Yankee Tourist." Amusing musicated version of "The Gallopers," with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock and well-selected company.

**Belasco**—"The Rose of the Rancho." Drama of the early days of California. Beautifully staged and very well acted.

**Bijou**—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "The Master Builder." One of the most interesting performances of the year. The puzzles of Ibsen and Mme. Nazimova in another form.

**Casino**—"The Gay White Way." Notice later.  
**Criterion**—"The Dairymaids." Conventional English musical play of the Gaiety type, but not so dainty as usual.

**Daly's**—"The Great Divide." Interesting American problem play, well acted by Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast.

**Empire**—Mr. John Drew, Billie Burke and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk in "My Wife." Diverting light comedy from the French.

**Garlick**—"When Knights Were Bold." Farce of contemporary and medieval life interpreted more or less amusingly by Mr. Francis Wilson and good company.

**Hackett**—"The Struggle Everlasting," with Florence Roberts. See opposite.

**Herald Square**—Mr. Lew Fields and company in "The Girl Behind the Counter." Notice later.

**Hippodrome**—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Last season's gorgeous spectacle with new circus acts.

**Keith and Proctor's Theatres**—Stock companies and vaudeville.

**Lyric**—"Virgilius," with Mr. James O'Neill in the title part. Entirely agreeable and finished performance of the classic rôle.

**Majestic**—"Anna Karenina" in dramatic form, interpreted by Virginia Harned, Mr. John Mason and fairly good company. Emotional drama of Russian high life. Interesting.



PUSHED FOR MONEY



THE conventions, social, moral and whatever, appear to be having a hard time of it these days. The philosophers, the sociologists, even the novelists and the short story writers, are all having their fling at them. It reminds one of the summer of '98, when Colonel Roosevelt was in the field and even the kindergartens used to storm San Juan Hill at recess. Elinor Glyn, whose clever *Visits of Elizabeth* did some execution in the skirmish line some seasons back, has undertaken a reconnaissance in force in her new story, *Three Weeks*. This is a human version of Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*—a romance of the passion of a queen. Mrs. Glyn, who publishes with it an "Introduction to my American readers," seems to regard the matter seriously. We are inclined to think it more a matter of taste than of importance. It is an entertaining but purely exotic incident in the fall fiction.

*Clem*, by Edna Kenton, is the story of a girl whose unconventionality was only social; but the conventions get the worst of it again, for all that. Clem herself and the various members of the fashionable and self sufficient house party upon whom she is foisted by an intrigante mother, are drawn with equal sympathy and with a quiet sense of the situation's humor and meaning. It is an unusually compact, well handled tale, and has the merit of being distinctly light reading without being inconsequent.

Guy Thorne, who loves to invest exaggerated and visionary hopes and fears with the material envelop of fiction, has, in *The Serf*, reversed this order and reads into the personal rebellion of a twelfth century peasant the conscious awakening of freedom on British soil. The story itself, the feudal setting, the descriptions of the great marshes of the south, are lacking neither in simple interest nor in a pleasing picture quality. But the author's trick of lashing himself into a prophetic frenzy with his own tale is disquieting.

The discussions of American domestic architecture, published with numerous illustrations by William Herbert under the title of *Houses for Town or Country*, represent a series of papers written from time to time by a man who, at once practical and a purist, has spoken because he had something to say. Interesting in itself, the book will be found both helpfully sensible and artistically instructive.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's new story, *The Lost Leader*, is as spirited and entertaining, as realistic in its essential un-realism, and as free from loose ends and careless joinery, as are most of his fictions. He has once again placed his characters in British parliamentary and cabinet circles, but has woven his net of public intrigue and personal malice about the private life of a retired statesman. The story is an effective example of well bred melodrama.

Marah Ellis Ryan's *Indian Love Letters* are supposedly written to an American girl by a Hopi Indian who has returned to the villages and to the faith of his people after being educated

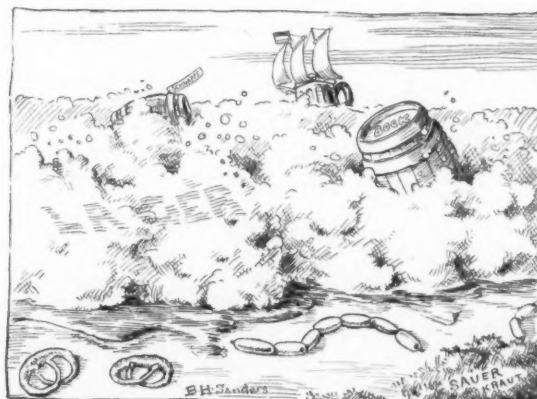
in the East. There is considerable beauty to them, and the glimpses of a still living folk lore which they contain is more illuminative than a whole series of ethnological reports. It is only fair to state, however, that their suggestion of tuberose is rather overpowering.

Irving Bacheller has done a nice thing in his tiny volume called *Eben Holden's Last Day A-fishing*. Writers are only too often lured into the pitfall of a sequel by a surviving friendship for their own creations. This book is not a sequel. It is not even a story. It is a visit. It describes a day spent at the old homestead in later years by Will Brower and his wife, and how he and Uncle Eb went over Tinkle Brook way for an afternoon's fishing and met some old friends. Mr. Bacheller has evidently felt the call of the sequel but has answered it, as it were, by a mere wave of the hand. J. B. Kerfoot.

*Three Weeks*, by Elinor Glyn. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Clem*, by Edna Kenton. (The Century Company. \$1.00.)  
*The Serf*, by Guy Thorne. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.00.)  
*Houses for Town or Country*, by William Herbert. (Duffield and Company. \$2.00.)  
*The Lost Leader*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)  
*Indian Love Letters*, by Marah Ellis Ryan. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)  
*Eben Holden's Last Day A-fishing*, by Irving Bacheller. (Harper and Brothers. \$0.50.)

### Long Titles

MR. SOTHERN has named his new play "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There Is No God." That is a very good name for a play and will doubtless set a fashion for longer titles than those we have hitherto been accustomed to. It is not impossible, for instance, that John Drew will be billed to appear in a comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "His Patent Leather Pumps Would Have Been a Better Fit if He Hadn't Bought Them Ready Made," and Miss Maude Adams's next venture may, though we don't say that it will, be a Barrie farce named "If Sandy Hadn't Foozled on the Thirteenth Hole He Never Would Have Used the Language That First Attracted Lady Babbie's Widowed Heart to His Personal Pulchritude." These titles will all look well on a three-sheet poster, but to a man coming home late at night and trying to tell an indignant wife where he has been they may present certain grave difficulties.



THE GERMAN OCEAN



# A Novel That Succeeded

THE society novelist was writing his masterpiece. It was to be a triumph of its kind. More husbands were to be in love with the wrong wives and more wives planning to elope with the wrong husbands than in any previous effort.

He laid the opening scene at a house party, because the opportunities were so good for that sort of thing. There was Mrs. Bradish-Radshaw, who was madly in love with young Templeton Tinker. Bradish-Radshaw himself was infatuated with Mrs. Tommy Tucker, who was having trouble deciding between him and Meredith Mintsauce, a situation which was spiced somewhat by the fact that Mr. Tommy Tucker and Mrs. Mintsauce, who had once been married to each other, showed signs of wanting to try it again.

In addition, there was the affair between Captain Kershaw and Mrs. Middleton-Bangs, and that of Middleton-Bangs and the governess, while in the midst of it the Middleton-Bangs chauffeur was to run off with Mrs. Bobby Brayton, leaving her husband, a charming man, when sober, to the tender mercies of Miss Evelyn Hobick, who, as a matter of fact, was simply crazy about him.

It started well, but at the end of the third chapter the talented author threw up both hands and was carried howling to the hospital. When he emerged, several weeks later, he constructed a plot in which all the husbands were in love with their own wives and all the wives with their own husbands and in which the unmarried people fell in love with each other instead of with some one already married.

This was so absolutely new and so startlingly original that it made the greatest hit imaginable, especially as the book had a handsome binding and good illustrations of people in evening clothes. It became one of the Six Best Sellers and the author is now rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Howard Shedd.

## A FEW YEARS HENCE

Mrs. Flyer: HURRY, HENRY, A CLOUD BANK IS COMING!

Henry (between cuss words): IT'S NO USE! YOU WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP YOUR TRIP TO LOS ANGELES THIS AFTERNOON. THIS COMPRESSED SPEED VALVE IS BEYOND REPAIR.



"DID Teddy say anything yesterday?"

"I don't know. Haven't looked at the ticker."



## AFFINITIES

When Benjamin wed Annie, oh!  
They both were kindly fated;  
It Bennie-fited him, you know,  
While she was Annie-mated.

—Saturday Evening Post.

## HASTE

"What do you think of the fashion in women's hats?" inquired the storekeeper.

"They are typical of the rapid pace we are hitting," answered the customer. "Heretofore a hat had to go out of style before it looked very funny."—Washington Star.

A PROMINENT novelist spoke recently at a Boston club about the wonders of modern invention. He said:

"There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat, one day, when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank.

"To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, pulling at an old clay pipe.

"However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat spluttered angrily:

"'Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?'

"The old man took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at them in astonishment.

"'Blessed if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submarines,' he said."—Harper's Weekly.

SHE: Did you hear they had a falling-out last night?

HE: No; hammock, canoe or automobile?—Yonkers States-

man.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"

ANOTHER massacre is predicted at Kishineff. There should be at least sufficient delay in such enterprises to permit the census-taker to get his records straight.—Washington Star.

## KANSAS HAT CODE

In reply to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette; in fact, giving it to you off-hand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kans.) Beacon.

## FAITHFUL TO THE END

The flames crackled ominously, the water bubbled in the great pot, and seated in the shade of a palm the naked savages began to sharpen their cruel knives.

"Is there no hope?" murmured the doomed commercial traveler.

"None," hissed the ebon chief.

"Then," said the young man, pointing to his sample case, "if you are determined to eat me, at least let me ask you, as a last favor, to try our brand of mustard with the feast. I am convinced that one trial will secure us your permanent patronage, and I"—

But strong arms seized him here, there was a splash, and all was over.—Los Angeles Times.

FEMININE CUSTOMER: What beautiful things you make of celluloid! Do you think you could make a pipe out of it?

SHOPMAN (aghast): Why, madam, don't you know—

"Oh, I don't care what it costs. I want to give it to my husband for a birthday present."—Chicago Tribune.

## PAYS DUES

"Jones is the most prominent member of our golf club."

"Why, he can't play golf?"

"No, but he always pays his dues."—Cleveland Leader.

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But while we have the unusual and exclusive in Table Linens, a very important part of our stock is that devoted to the every-day needs of the household, such as medium-priced Damask Cloths and Napkins, Table Damask by the yard, etc. Not only is this assortment unparalleled, but we believe the prices are such as will add to the attractiveness of the goods.

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#### DISCOVERY AND EXISTENCE

A very charming woman was relating to a group of interested listeners the rather pathetic story of a young girl who had contracted yellow fever from a box of lace purchased for her bridal clothes and mailed to her from New Orleans. A physician present at once declared that the disease could not have been carried in this manner.

"But, doctor," the lady urged, "I was in the town at the time. Sadie was my best friend, and I knew all the circumstances."

"Impossible," he persisted. "Experiments made a few years ago in Cuba demonstrated fully that the disease can be conveyed only by a mosquito, the *Stygomysia fasciata*."

The lady hesitated for a moment, divided between politeness and conviction, and then appeased both. "But, you see, doctor," she replied, smoothly, "the incident which I was relating happened ten years ago, before the *Stygomysia* was discovered!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

England is the home of Bridge; London is a home of "Rad-Bridge"

#### TIME WAS MONEY

A clergyman not long ago received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish house:

"This is to give you notice that I and Miss Gemina Arabella Bready is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

THREE tired citizens—a lawyer, a doctor and a newspaper man—sat in a back room recently in the gray light of the early dawn, says the *Boston Record*. On the table were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause the lawyer spoke.

"I know what you fellows are thinking," he said; "you think I saw a rat, but I didn't."

"SOONER or later the United States is bound to lose the Philippines," said the speaker. Thereupon they set him down as a visionary optimist.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

AN IRISH friend had insisted that a Scotchman should stay at his house, instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to sundry visits to the theatre, paying the cab fares and the rest. When the visitor was returning home, the Irishman saw him to the station, and they went together to have a last cigar. "Now, look here," said the Scot, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—*Bellman*.

#### A MOVING APPEAL

He was a motherless boy and his father's only child, but some of the relatives had decided that he should be sent to a boy's school, fifty miles from home, and at last the father had agreed to the plan.

Forty-eight hours after his boy's departure the father received a letter, which was, although not faultless as an example of spelling, so much to the point, and so in accord with his own feelings, that the plans for the future were speedily readjusted.

"Dear father," wrote the exile, "it's all right here and I'm not homesick I believe, but life is very short, and don't you think you'd better let us spend some more of it together?"

Your affectionate son,  
THOMAS.  
—*Youth's Companion*.

#### THE PHILIPPINES

INQUISITIVE CONSTITUENT: Senator, what do you suppose Japan wants of the Philippines?

EMINENT STATESMAN: My dear sir, that is what the Japanese will be asking themselves when they've had the Philippines as long as we have.—*Chicago Tribune*.

J. P. MORGAN, like other people, may be fooled on European art treasures, but he generally knows what he is about when he purchases American securities.—*Washington Star*.

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THE MAN WHO LEADS  
"We want no Kings but Kings of toil,  
No Crowns but Crowns of deeds;  
No Royal birth but sterling worth,  
Must mark the man that leads."  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Whiskey  
Green Label.

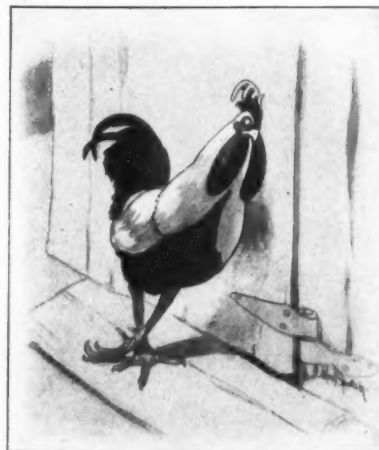
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### Latest Books

*The Successor*, by Richard Pryce. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Bachelor's Guide to Matrimony*, by Reginald W. Kauffman. (Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia.)

*Brunhilde's Paying Guest*, by Caroline Fuller. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

*The Burning Torch*, by F. F. Montresor. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Lost Princess*, by W. F. Dix. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)

*Ted in Mythland*, by Hermine Schwed. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.00.)

*Rainy Day Diversions*, by Carolyn Wells. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.00.)

*Semiramis*, by Edward Peple. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*. (Duffield and Company. \$1.00.)

*A Book of American Humor*. Two vols. (Duffield and Company.)

*Familiar Faces*, by Harry Graham. (Duffield and Company. \$1.00.)

*Houses for Town or Country*, by William Herbert. (Duffield and Company. \$2.00.)

*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Rubric Series. (Duffield and Company. \$0.60.)

*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and First and Second Inaugural Addresses*. Rubric Series. (Duffield and Company. \$0.60.)

*The Canticle of the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi*. Rubric Series. (Duffield and Company. \$0.60.)

*The Spotter*, by W. W. Canfield. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

Henry Ibsen, Vol. 5, *Emperor and Galilean*. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.)

*Phantoms*, by Ivan Turgeneff. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

### Not a Profession

**R**EPRESENTATIVE LORIMER, of Chicago, who is a great walker, was recently out for a tramp, along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer, "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for awhile. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder."—*Success.*

### Cold Comfort

"**I** HAVE no money," the man complained.

"You have been given," responded Jupiter, "a sense of humor instead."

"To what end?"

"That you may enjoy watching those who have."—*The Editor.*

**T**OWNE: Sleep well these sizzling nights?

SUBBS: Like a top—never lose a wink.

"Great Scott! What do you take?"

"An alarm clock to my room, and then set the alarm for half an hour after I go to bed. As soon as it rings I naturally roll over and go to sleep!"—*Exchange.*

## A Club Cocktail

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## Speculation

MORRIS SELLERS LARGEY, the young Montana millionaire, who is devoting himself to the theatrical business, said at a dinner, apropos of his new theatre in New York:

"I think that theatricals offer a fine field for shrewd investors. They are very steady. They are not as the slave trade was during the Civil War.

"Perhaps you have heard of the slave who wanted to buy his freedom. This was before the war, and, since he was a very good slave, his master would not sell him to himself at any price.

"But as the war approached its end the master, not unnaturally, changed his mind. He sent for the slave one morning and asked him if he was still of the same mind about purchasing himself.

"The slave scratched his head, looked at the ground, and faltered:

"Well, Marse Henry, Ah did wanter buy mahse'f, but Ah been a-studyin' erbout it right smaht lately, sah, an' Ah done come to de 'clusion dat in dese times niggah prop'ty am too onsartin, sah, to put any money in.'"—*Washington Star*.

PRESIDENT FALLIERES is commuting all death penalties to life imprisonment, and where there is a ghost of a doubt about the man's guilt he pardons him. He says, "France must learn to take care of her criminals without killing them. It's a poor use to make of a man—to take his life—it is an acknowledgment of our inefficiency."

Even a life sentence should hold out to the man the promise that twenty years of good behavior and useful work will make him free. Penology must be made a science, to the end that when we imprison a man we do it for his own good, with the intent of turning out a better man than we took in.

Just as long as the State sets an example of killing its enemies, individuals will occasionally kill theirs.—*The Philistine*.

## He Shut the Window

THERE is a certain old gentleman who partakes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. The old gentleman, as he expresses it, "got thar with both feet when some dude investors come pirutin' round the range." Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air"—the father began, but was quickly interrupted.

"Father dear, don't say 'that air'—say 'that there,' the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear"—he again attempted, but was as quickly brought to a halt.

"Nor 'this 'ere'; 'this here' is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, with asperity. "Of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air and I'm going to shut the window!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

"I LIKE simplicity," said Senator Beveridge. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too."

"Two men met in front of the Blank Hotel the other day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, every-day sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"And now," the speaker pompously concluded, 'perhaps you will coincide with me?'

"The other's face brightened up.

"Why, yes; thanks, old man," he answered heartily, moving toward the bar-room door, 'I don't care if I do.'"—*New York Tribune*.



# THE TABLE TELLS THE STORY

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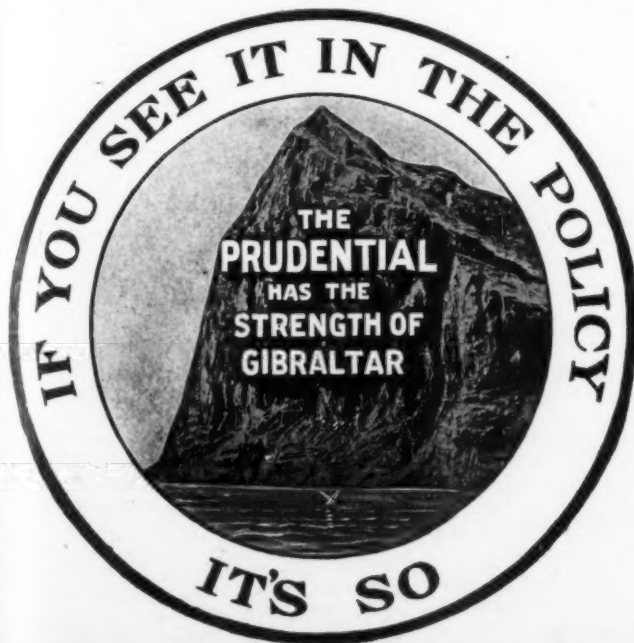
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Ages	Prudential Insurance Company	49 American Companies	36 English Companies	*17 European Companies
21	\$15 29	\$15 69	\$16 48	
22	15 63	16 04	16 82	
23	15 99	16 41	17 18	
24	16 37	16 80	17 56	
25	16 77	17 19	17 97	
26	17 18	17 62	18 41	
27	17 62	18 07	18 87	
28	18 08	18 53	19 35	
29	18 57	19 04	19 85	
30	19 08	19 57	20 38	\$21 97
31	19 62	20 14	20 95	22 59
32	20 19	20 79	21 53	23 26
33	20 79	21 33	22 15	23 94
34	21 43	21 99	22 80	24 65
35	22 10	22 65	23 47	25 41
36	22 81	23 37	24 22	26 23
37	23 56	24 13	24 99	27 06
38	24 35	24 95	25 80	27 98
39	25 19	25 81	26 65	28 91
40	26 09	26 73	27 56	29 90
41	27 04	27 69	28 50	30 95
42	28 04	28 72	29 48	32 10
43	29 11	29 83	30 53	33 32
44	30 25	30 99	31 63	34 61
45	31 47	32 24	32 80	35 99
46	32 76	33 59	34 02	
47	34 13	34 99	35 34	
48	35 60	36 46	36 73	
49	37 17	38 06	38 21	
50	38 83	39 79	39 79	
51	40 61	41 57	41 47	
52	42 51	43 36	43 27	
53	44 53	45 57	45 18	
54	46 68	47 76	47 21	
55	48 98	50 10	49 38	
56	51 44	52 64	51 68	
57	54 06	55 33	54 13	
58	56 87	58 18	56 75	
59	59 87	61 22	59 50	
60	63 08	64 43	62 37	
Average,	\$30 74	\$31 48	\$31 77	

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